A Most Interesting Washington Institution.

HORSES AND DOGS AS PATIENTS

What Is to He Seen and Heard in a Visit to the Hospital-Changes Which Science Has Brought About -Animal Sufferers Much Like Their Musters and Mistresses.

The line of denorcation between those born with golden spoons in their mouths and the infortunates Who may not possess even tin ones is as clearly drawn in the mal tingdom as in the domain of buman affairs. It makes fiscil manifest in the degree of comfort and style Which fortune permits canines, equines, and felines of different stations to enjoy. It places some in the lap of affloence, em broidered blankets, or palatial kennels while others must care with rough strokes the right to a square meal of oats or scratch in the trash pile for their dady hones. There is a citiful chasm between Sir Launcelot, strutting proudly with caudic extremity to truly indicative of superiority and a sort of bloated toodholder expression on his haughty on stenance, and poor Towser, gaunt and envisor with many a scar on his bodykicked and cuffed by the world, hounded down by the proud master. When the waif Is iii, he must either die or find his cure in the renning brook and the grasses by the wayside while Launcelot is sent to the hospital to receive the ministrations of a physician-not an old-fashioned negro erb doctor, but a scientific man, a fullfledged veterinary surgeon. This is a profession which has assumed great im-portunce during the past few years. Until recently there were no colleges devoted entirely to the study, and, as a consequence, the supply of physicians has been enequal to the demand. Even now the competition is so limited and the field so broad that it offers great inducements to enterprising young men.
"one of the most unique features of our

city is the animal hospital. It is situated near the corner of C and Third streets, and has a large staff of competent physiclans. It is fitted with all the comforts dear to animal hearts and has rescued hundreds of dumb brutes from an untimely grave. Here distinguished canines have come to be cured for the various ailhorses owned by the city government are sent to recuperate from ills brought about by pressure of official duties and to gain strength for the service a grateful country expects them to continue. Here many high-bred Thomases and Tabbies have come forth from languishing beds of sickness. recivified and with full lung power to resume their back shed oratories and call out the usual shower of bouquets and bootinck-like tokens of appreciation from neighog windows. The hospital is a large brick building divided into sections. From the outside it does not appear unlike those built for human beings, but inside quite a difference is perceptible. In the front part is a large brick-paved court, which merges into a long corridor, thoroughly ventilated through apertures overhead and wide open spaces at each end.

To the left of the court is the office

and consulting room, where some member of the staff is always present to receive and register patients. The name of the animal, its color, sex and the name of its owner are recorded, logether with the date of arrival It is then assigned to a ward, and a diagnosis is made of the case. On either side of the corridor are wards for id the large concrete-lined horse buthfub. A few days past I visited the hospital, and as I passed down the line, accompanied by a member of the staff, and glanced at the occupants of the wards, I noticed that my reception was more cordial by some than others. The moods of horses are as variable as those of human beings ok sulked in the corner either by reason of natural moreseness or bemuse they were in pain Some did not notice us at all, while others, evidently lixed their large eyes upon us as if expecting sympathy, and stretched out their necks to be patted. I responded to their advances, and asked if the others were cross or only sad. The physician resided that the most vicious herse when ill is tractable enough to be memaged by a child. He submits patiently to treatment and looks expectantly for his ticine when the customary hour for it to be administered rolls around. Sick never attempt to hite the hand that tends them and are easier to manage in a sital than most people.

The horses in these wards were not plassified or grouped according to their discuses. One bad a case of strangles another colic, which made him roll and double up on the peat moss covering the floor of the stall like a small boy who has boked upon the apple when it was green; some had dyspepsis, and one handsome specimen-thin and hollow-eyed-was Just recovering from the effects of a tumor taken from his shoulder. Further down the corridor I found several color anl gray horses, some quite ill, some convalescing and others wlightly lame These are members of the fire companies of the city. To look at them casually one at think that they could ever be IN: but the Government frequently finds sary to send them off on sick leave to the hospital. They are all numbered by brand on the foot. Horses purchased by the Government at Washington are first examined at the hospital for soundness and the different qualifications necessary to the performance of duties to which each vili be assigned. For fire borses size and strength are most requbite. In addition to this, some attention is paid to mental. tests, such as determining their sagacity, their strength of will or the amount of mulisheess in them termed cludinacy. The average Weight of the fire horse is 1,300 pounds, but many exceed that number, The examining physician makes his report to the officials who have ordered that the examination be made and the latter then determines whether or not the arwill meet their requirements. Away from other sections of the hospital are the wards where horses are kept which have infections or contagious diseases. These receive the same care and attention be slowed upon others, but it is necessary to segregate them. When the patients are ding they are taken at intervals from their stalls and walked up and down corridors or cut in the alleys for exercise. The hospital will accor-

But their department is not more intere ing to us than the places where canines are kept. While many horses are loved by their masters, yet it is oftener a business consideration rather than a question of ser timent, which causes them to be sent to the hospital. The horse represents money or a certain amount of service equivalent money. The protection of his life and happiness is incidental, while the revenue of service cistained from him is the main issue at stake. With the dog it is different. services are usually nominal and be to sent to the bospital because some one cheres him as a pet. To receive such an bonor he must be an important personage in the household. By this, however, it is bot meant that only high-bred dogs of the sent to be cured. There is many

a poor laborer who will share his last crust with the cur trotting along at his boelshis faithful, uncomplaining companion Such a one will deny bimself some comfort to have his dog made well, while the man in comfortable circumstances will permit a finer animal to attend the "pound" party because he is unwilling to pay the \$2 tax. St. Lernards, Great Danes, col-lies, page, terriers, mongrel curs and bull-dogs all meet on terms of equality at the hospital, and each is given the same amoun of attention. The last named are perhap most difficult to manage, but the tames breeds sometimes get exceedingly cross when disease fastens its clutches on them saw in one stall a St. Pernard, whose face is usually as mild and benevolent as a philanthropist's, snap his white teeth and assume an expression of intense hostility toward everyone who approached his Next door to him was an erstwhile gentle poolle, now resembling an anarchist with bomb-throwing propensities. His shappy hair hong over his angry face, and in defying order and medicine he truly resemble ne of the great irreconcilatle unwashed. But the dogs are not long in that defiant

stitude. When they become accustomed to the strange faces around them they are easier to manage and take their medicine bravely. The fictoest ones have an ap-paratus consisting of leather straps placed over and in their mouths to hold the latter open. They are then held and the medicine put down their throats. This apparatus would be quite an improvement on the old nose-bolding asyesm adopted by parents to bring refractory sick children to terms, Nearly all the medicine is given in pills or capsules. The large dogs have wards like those of the horses, in which they can take exercise when they recover sufficiently. House dogs formsh the targest comingent of patients, and sometimes an avalanche of sick pugs descends on the bospiial. Most people prefer to feed their dogs too often; they imagine that the animals should have the same number of meals per day as a burnan being. This is a great One good meal daily and a bones for luncheon, are sufficient in the per time and two meals per day in winter. bospital suffer from dyspepsia. Our in-creasing love of luxury and artificial way of living has its influence on the dog and makes him feel the pressure of advancing civilization. He no lorger cares for the plain food and simple pleasures of former days. He becomes a blase dog about town, and when his constitution is nearly wrecked be goes to the hospital to be treated for dyspepsia and perhaps to have gold plugs put in his front tusks-for the has even a dental department attached to it Catarrh is a disease ong canines of this city and a number die from pheumonia. During the hented term mad dogs are sent to the hospital, but merely to breathe their last. They all die, which is fortunate, as we have not yet advanced far enough to establish an insure asylum for canines.

Kennels for small dogs are siry and com-

ortable. They are situated near the oper

sting room, wilch is a large open apartment furnished with an operating table. The physician called in a dog from the street to demonstrate to me low the animals are made ready for an operation. The table is covered with holes shaped like the figure eight. The dog was stretched out his full length on his back near the center of the table. Cords were hed to his feet and attached to thongs which were fitted into the eights. Thus pinioned his body was kept still. It is necessary to submit the poor things to this treatment because they cannot be etherized or put under the influence of anesthetics. And dynes and local anesthetics are used to assuage the pain as much as possible. As a rule people who bring their pets to the hospital are content to trust entirely to the physician and never interfere with his metbody of treatment, but a few make running back and forth with suggestion The man who "knows it all" and wants to improve on the prescribed course has ac to the judgment of those in charge or take his dog away. Then there is the doting owner of the pampered pug, an animal which is sometimes sent to the hospital clad in bells, ribbons and laces-of which he is speedily divested. The owner bring various dainties to be fed to her darling and begs that they will not let him ge lonesome, and "How long will you give him those borrid medicines?" "Do you think be will die?" "Will you feed him from this saucer? he is not accusto common plate," and so on, until we are forcibly reminded of that trite statement "The fools are not all dead yet." poor little dogs, which have been treater s tenderly as porcelain china, are, like the Lady of Burleigh, dying of an honor unto which they were not born. They delight in their fall from downy beds to straw ken nels. They turn joyfully from knick-knacks to plain food, and when convalescent find re pleasure in digging up old bones that have been buried for weeks or chewing

stray bits of leather than in cream puffs or chocolate bonbons. Dogs will be dogs and sigh for the fleshpots of Egypt.

There is a veterinary college in connection with the bospital and the next place which I visited was the dissecting room, where the students spend mad time learning the anatomy of animals. There were skeletons galore and bones by the dozens of dogs, cats, and borses, some of them old and dry, others recking with odors of the charnel house. From here many specimens are sent to the Army and Navy Medical Museum. The students under go a rigorous course of study and practice in the hospital. When they graduate they ought to be good practitle human beings, for I was told that animals have all the diseases to which man is subject. As with persons, no two animals can be treated alike It is necessary to study the general constitution and temperament of each. The physician must de pend entirely upon his own observation for the animal cannot, like man, aid in the diagnosis by describing how he feels; yet, it is almost as easy to determine what is the matter with bim. For example, a horse suffering from influenza does not tell you that his heard feels as if the top were coming off, yet his duliness, ir bored breathing and other less pronounced symptoms, imperceptible to the uninitiated give the skilled physician a rapid insight into the nature of his nilment.

The laboratory of the bospital is like the interior of the average drug store. There are the same round bottles with glass stoppers, the same liquids, same powders, same pills and the same voluminous Latin names. For like diseases animals are given the same drugs add man beings, but in much larger doses Antiscptic treatment is given when opera-tions are performed, and the place abounds in coal and tar disinfectants.

The cat and dog ambulance is a boxshaped affair about 2 feet by 3 in size, and with a covered top. In front is a seat just large enough for a small boy, and the vehicle is hadled by a diminutive Mexican pony. The interior is bare but smooth, and a little doggie can stretch himself out full length to enjoy his ride

from his home to the hospital. The undertaking department of the has pital is in charge of an old colored man If the parties owning an animal which dies at the institution should leave n directions concerning him, he is given over to the city collectors, or, if he be a horse, to the soap factory. But if the owners desire, he is taken to a peaceful cometery out in a country district of Maryland, and buried with all appurtenances and rites deemed necessary for the

BUE FITE RAMSEY.

THE SIGKLES-KEY AFFAIR

A Cause Celebre in Days Before the War.

SUCCINCT ACCOUNT OF TRIAL

Great Array of Legal Talent in Defense of the Avenging Husband-The Laws and Penalties of Adultery as Prescribed and Practiced in Many Lunds.

Among some dusty old court reports, for the most part filled with dry "covenants," "precedents," monotonous "decisions" and heavy legal points inexplicably explained, the writer the other day came across a portion of a stenographic report of the trial of Daniel E. Sickles for the killing of Philip Barton Key, nearly forty years ago. Prob-



DANIEL E. SICKLES.

ably no trial that has ever taken place in the District excited the attention that this one commanded throughout its duration. The prominence of the principals, the beauty and social position of the cause of the tragedy and the startlingly sensitional features developed, made it of keen interest to people in all sections of the country: Out of the District it was universally spoken of as the "Washington tragedy." From this report and a score or more of equally reliable sources the following facts in connection with the trial have been gleaned: To the older residents they will bring back

a flood of memories. Hon Daniel E. Sick-

rendezvous described, she acknowledged tleman was commissioned or requested to her guilt, and swooned away. Some hours later she sent her husband a written confession. "It had been prepared without menace from her bushand or lope of his forgiveness.

The wronged manmaw became a slave

of agony. The overwhelming shame ex-perienced in being obliged to proclaim his dishonor to his friends frenzied him. He sent for Mr. S.F. Butterworth to come and take his wife back to her parents in New York. Butterworth came and tried to calm the man. As he left the house he passed Key (unconscious of the discovery) walting up the street. At the same time Sickles heard a rervant, who was looking out of the window in an adjoining room, "There goes Mr. Key."

A glance through his own window reed to him the destroyer of his home's sanctity, whirling and twirling his rocket andkerchief, as was his custom passing this house. This was the usual signal for a meeting. Key tried to disguise the movement by apparently waving the handkerchief at a little dog trotting near him. The day was Sunday, February 27, 1859. But twenty-four hours had elapsed since his wife had made her confession. and grief bad almost made the husband in This act of Key's culminated the affair With a dash, Sickles passed to the street, and a few moments later Butterworth, who had gotten but a short distance beard Sickles exclaim, in a loud voice: "Key, you scoundrel; you have dis-

Drawing a pistol from his pocket, he simed and fired. The first ball is said to have entered a tree. The second caught the victim in the gmin. Key grappled with Sickles a moment. Then they became disengaged. Key retreated up Madison place Sickles followed When within ten feet of the fugitive Sickles fired again. This ball struck beneath the heart. A fourth glauced off near where the second struck, but brought Key to the ground. A greaterowd collected at once The ex-citement ran high The sensation created

was intense. In half an hour the entire was alive with the news. Key was removed to the clubbonse near where he fell. There he gasped a few imes. Life fluttered on the brink of death for a moment, and then the tragedy was

complete The avenged busband, accompanied by Mr. Butterworth, then gave himself up. Then followed the taking away of the wife and the funeral of Key. The friends of Sickles now began their preparations for the trial to come, while the prisoner, broken-hearted and wretched, waited in

his cell the coming ordeal, with only a favorite greyhound as company. The day of the trial, April 4, 1859, His honor T. H. Crawford presided. Robert Ould, United States district autor sounced that his associate would be J. M. Carlisle. The prisoner was repre sented by James T. Frady and John Graham, of New York; E. H. Stanton of Wash ington, Ratcliffe, Clinton & Magruder, of Washington, and Mr. Phillips, late of Ala-

The indictment charged "Daniel E. Sic



Hon. Daniel E. Sickles Shooting Philip Barton Key in Lafayette

les. M. C., from New York, lived and ea- | kles., gentleman," with murder. Sickles tertained with his wife Teresa on the west side of Sixteen-and-a-half street. Their ne was commodious and handsome, and located as it was nearly midway between the Avenue and Gen. Beale's house, society had not far to go. In 1859 Mrs Sickles was twenty-three years of age, and singularly beautiful. She was of Italian origin. with the Italian depth and luster of eye, united with a delicacy of figure, an active nind and a charming vivacity. She was the daughter of Baglioli, the composer and teacher of music, then located in New of at least \$500 in money or property.

York. Mr. Sickles had loved her from boy-mediate objection to this was raised bood, and when he went to London as sec retary of the American legation under Buchanan's Administration she accompanied him there as his wife. Universal admiration was accorded her. A short time after the return to New York Mr. Sickles was elected to Congress. This, of course,

brought the wife to Washington also. Philip Rarton Key, the friend of Sickles was at this time a man to excite interest even more, in a susceptible woman's breast. He was the son of Francis Scott Key, the author, and brother of the wife of Chief Justice Taney. His social position in con sequence was high; his office of district attorney gave him additional influence he was only forty years of age and of fashionable and of agreeable appearance. He missed being bandsome only through the existence of a facial pallor brought on through a heart affection of several years' standing. While to men he was often peevish and fretful, sometimes eccentric, to women he was ever gallant. In debate he

was calm and deliberate. For some months previous to the shoot ing all gossiping Washington had been busy inking together the names of Mr. Key and Mrs. Sickles. Significant glances went the rounds of the clubs and lobbles whenever either's name was mentioned. They had en seen together many times in the Sickles carriage; they had been seen to meet, apparently by prearrangement, in a cemetery. When Mr. Sickles was known to be engaged at the Capitol Key had been seen to enter the Sickles home. But, while the servants winked and joked about these meetings the husband trusted. Of course, he was aware that his wife displayed much interest in his friend, for he was always invited to her receptions, and was often asked to dinner. But he had seen only a woman, perhaps a little vain, taking pleas ure in exercising a harmless influence over

a man of distinction Paniel E. Sickles was a wakened from his in which he was told that his wife was in the habit of meeting almost daily Philip Barton Key at a house on Fifteenth street.

pleaded "not guilty." The counsel on both sides were learned and distinguished. Great crowds attend ed the proceedings throughout. Lookers on were not so checked in their co conduct then as now, and applicuse frequently followed the presentation of se effective legal point or bit of telling

repartee. In empanelling the jury the district attorney insisted upon the rejection of all men from the panel who were not possessed mediate objection to this was raised and after due discussion and deliberation the court decided that the laws of Maryland, which had been extended over the District in 1801, made the district attorney's objection legal, and if he insisted upon his point that must end the matter. While the court did not think the law was a good



MRS. SICKLES.

ne, nevertheless it was operative in the District and the law would have to be observed. If the district attroney had never availed himself of the law before i was simply because he had never seen fit to do so. In fact he had heard that gentleman say that the reason he had not done dream of happiness on February 25, 1859. So before was simply because he did not through the receipt of an anonymous letter, believe a man was always possessed of a mind as heavy as his pocket

The great provocation the prisoner at negro neighborhood, and that the deed for which his life was now in leopardy writer had been informed that Mr. Key and his mental irresponsibility at the time had rented the house from a negro man, of the shooting afforded the strongest but did not occupy it at any time excepting ground on which the defense could work, when he was met by Mis. Sickles. The beinousness of the crime of adultery when he was met by Mrs. Sickles. The
The helicousness of the crime of adultery
writer described the dress which Mrs.
Sickles were on her last visit to the house.

Of many nations were ransacked for a After investigating the neighborhood, and lustrations tending to present the dead satisfying himself that at least a part of man's offense in all its enormity. In order story was true, the husband confronted that the jury might be made acquainted his wife with the facts. At first she de with the manner in which other nations nied everything, weeping violently, but treated the destroyers of the homes sanctity on having the dress she last wore to the Prof. Dimitry, a learned Washington ger

furnish the court with a list of the ways European and other countries dealt with adulterers. After long research he made the following report through Mr. Brady. It constituted one of the most interesting and instructive incidents of the trial.

"Among the Jews by the law of God the adulterer and the adulteress were both stoned to death. In Greece, Lycurgus decreed that adultery

would be punished the same as murder.
"The Saxons by their law burned the adulteress to death, and over her remain erected a gibbet on which the adulterer, her accomplice, was hanged. "Some of the northern nations of Euro

suspended the adulterer to a hook, and left sharp knife, with which he was con pelled to inflict self-punishment or ex pend his guilty life in protracted torture.
"In England under Alfred the woman was shorn and stripped to the waist, driven from her husband's home, and in the pres ence of all her relatives was scourged from tything to tything until death ensued; while the man was strung up to the nearest tree "In France under Louis the Delonais both parties suffered capital punishmen "Constantine inflicted capital punishment on each of the offenders, and Justinian n his reformation of the codes, left the same penalty menacing male adulterers "The Spanish laws deprived the adultered of that through which he had violated the sanctity of the marriage bed.
"In Portugal both were burned at the

"In Poland the adulterer was taken to the nearest bridge leading to the market town in or near where he resided, and was there nailed or hooked to the main bridge post, a knife being at the same time put into his hand to enable him to free himself by the mutilation of these parts.

the woman menial drudgery."
It was shown during this celebrated trial by Mr. Stanton, one of Mr. Brady's assoclaies, that up to that time there bad never been in England or the United States on conviction of any bust and who killed an adulterer, under whatsoever circumstance

the homicide was committed.

For a time Mr. Sickles here himself with heroic calmness, but on the day in the open court that one of the witnesses mentioned his little five-year-old daughter, he bowed his head, shook convulsively and blinded himself with tears. In that apalling mo ment of parental ageny he touched the hearts of the jurors deeply. As friends led him from the courtroom every spectator felt a tear in his own eye, or the quiver

The trial lasted for twenty days. Ther ame the suspense attending the deliberaion of the jury. Finally, seventy minute after the case had gone to them, the door of the consultation-room was opened and the deputy marshal was heard to say: "Make room for the jury." One by one the

mer solemnly took their seats. Next came the clerk's voice: "Daniel E. Sickles, stand up and look to the jury." Now again, "How say you, gentlemen have you agreed to your verdict?"
"We have."

Clerk-How say you-do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty? "Not gulity."
Mr. Stauton - I now move that Mr. Sicales

be discharged from custody.

Judge Crawford-The court so orders it. A great cheer west up from the crowd

nerceated in the spectators' seats. Mr. Sickles bewed his head in acknowledgment Then he went forth among freemen again. J. BARTON MILLER.

HOW SHE BECAME A WIDOW

When I had thanked the woman for a drink of water from the spring in front of the house and dropped some pennies inte the palms of the children staring at me, I asked if her husband had gone to town. "Jim's cone a heap further than that, I sice replied, with a smile. "Oh! Gone off to look for work, chees

"No. san; Jim has bin dead over a y'ar "Excuse me, but I didn't know you had met with an affliction. Die of fever?"

"Skassly, sah. What Jim died of was too much b'ar. He was a heap of a man, he was, but that b'ar was heaper than he "Do you mean he was killed by a bear?"

"Fur shore, sah. It was right over thar" in the bresh. We was sittin' right yere

on the doahstep one evenly when a b'ar showed up out thar' and Jim sez to me: " Piney, I kin make that b'ar chaw garss in jest two minits, kase I'm a heap of a man.

But the b'ar may be beaper,' sez I. " He can't be, fur I'm heaper than the

That's the way be said," continued the en, 'and of co'se I was for Jin, and agin the b'ar. I was allus fur Jim and agin everything else. Jim wants a fa'r fout of it to show that he was heaper than the b'ar, and so he goes out and don't even take a club along. That was like a heap of a man, wasn't it?"

"To be sure, but a man can't fight : bear with his bands alone." 'No, I reckon not Jim went out an tackled that b'ar and rolled him over and did a heap o' cherin', but when the b'ar begun to roll him over things was different.

they fit and fit Jim yells to me: 'Piney, I'm a heap of a man!' " 'And yo've tackled a heap of a b'ar, But I'm the heapinest fighter,' se

"But he wasn't," sighed the widow, as

she hung up the water gourd and boxed one of the children's ears. "Did the bear get the best of it?" I ashed. "Sartin he did. Jim was heaps, but

that b'ar was heapser, and that night I was a widder. I ain't askin' anybody to sheer my trubbles, but bein' you wanted to know if Jim had gone to town I thought I'd tell you the story. You may meet up with a heap of a feller along the road, and you'll know it ain't my Jim. He was beape in his time, and if he hadn't bin fule 'out' to tackle a b'ar hev bin heaps today and these children would hev had a lovin' facts. to lick 'em about. So long, stranger."

Pions Pussies. The more devout of the parishioners of

Mary's Catholic Church, Forty-sixth street, Lawrenceville, who attended ves pers on Sunday evening, had a special musical treat in store for them. As Mrs. Charles Mitchell, the organist-

took her seat at the organ and began to play one of the vesperal psalms, a strange quartet responded, not in the solemn trains of the Gregorian chant, but "Mew,

The whole choir was dambfounded. There were no feline musicians in sight, still the mewing kent time to the strains of theorean In a few namutes a large cat crawled out from beneath the pedals of the organ, much to the dismay of the organist, for she had her feet on the pedals at the time, and the glar e in the eyes of the ferocious feline mother in a way explained who the new

However, no effort was made to find them ntil after vespers, but then a search was made under the direction of Father Tohin Deep in the bowels of the organ were found four little kittens about two hours old They could not have been any older, as they were surely not there white high mas was sung and played in the morning. The nother was allowed to return to her young who were not disturbed, as they were very infortably quartered in the new \$4,500 organ. - Pittsburg Dispatch

ODD TRUE STORIES.

The Country of the Gadarenes.

The Rev. Alonzo Coolbrith, missionary ras about to preach his first missionary sermon. For seventy-five years the valley of the Cumberland had been lying in a Rip Van Winkle sleep, and the long-limbert, slow-spoken, solemn-faced mountaincers had raised bog and hominy, and smoked and sunned themselves in and about their log cabins, and fought and married and died with very little variation from year to year. The Rev. Alonzo Coolbrith, fresh from the theological seminary, felt that

they needed to be awakened.

He was a slim, fair-baired, enthusiastic gentleman in spectacles, and as he looked about him on that warm June day he felt a pardonable pride at the size of his gath ering congregation. The people came from distances of several miles to hear him, and although more of them were barefoot than he had expected, their unshed feet pattered over the puncheon floor with a soft reverence, and their demeanor was dignified and appropriate. The building, a huge, half-finished concern, raised or piliars from the ground, had once been some sort of a tobacco-curing establishment, and was nearly filled by the time Mr Coolbrith rose to announce his text. The mountaineers were nearly as tall sitting down as he was standing

Owing to this fact he could not at once see what caused a slight disturbance near the door. There was a squeal and a grunt, and the thud of a body falling to the ground, and then the tail, lank youth who had risen to the occasion, sank into

The patter of four-footed creatures was "In the kingdom of Bohemia the penalty of the adulterer was decapitation, and for the windows, and during the Scripture reading, other squeals, other grunts, and other thuds, made themselves heard, and repeatedly did the tall, lank youth sit down with on expressionless face. The door could not be shut, because there was no door there. While the congregation, in a passionless drawl, were singing the first hymn Mr. Coolbrith managed to steal a glance out of the window, and beheld three

or four unregenerate looking razor-back hogs, evidently holding a council of war. Hogs, in hot weather, like nothing better than a puncheon floor. This puncheon floor had been their especial perquisite all through the season. They could not understand why they should have been ousted, and especially why they should be ejected so summarily at the point of a boot. It happened that the young mountaineer who served the writ on them was not barefoot. Under the circurnstances, however, it was clearly impossible to obtain their rights, and they concluded to go under the building, which they did, with sondry snuffling and grumbling and scutfing of feet, very much as bad boys file into the school-house when called from recess The Key. Mr. Coolbrith heard the noises

and guessed what they meant. He was prepared for difficulties in his missionary work, and had determined to meet then in a cool and courageous manner. If the ungodly should threaten him with a pistol be would carry on his meetings, all the same, and if he got shot his life insurance would pay for his education. But he had not reckoned on bogs. Hogs, in the country where he came from, staid in their pens and grunted contentedly until turned into hams and shoulders and long, luscions strings of sausages. They were plump and white and lazy, averse to ex-They ercise and emotion. But a Tennessee razar-back can climb fences, if necessary, or outrun a dog, and his disposition is not good Mr. Coolbrith did not feel acquainted with him or quite understand what to do with him. He was kind to all dumb animals, on principle, but he did not want bogs in his meeting bouse, no matter how much they wanted to come in; and when, in the course of half an bour, two of them remembered that there was a family fend in their biscory and went to work at it under the church, and bumped their backs up against the floor, squealing and swearing, Mr. Coolbrith became convinced that something must be done. So he and young San Blakely, the mountaineer in boots, went out to see what could be done.

Sam, at the suggestion of Mr. Coolbrith, cut a long, sharp stick and prodded the congregation under the meeting-house, while the congregation in the meeting house listened to the racket. It did not take long to clear the lower regions, and then Mr. Coolbrith, congratulating himself on having met his first trial with becoming

dignity, went back and began to preach But razor-back hogs are not like the Berkshire variety. They do not mind a few pokes with a stick and a little exer It was not half an hour before the whole family connection of them was back again, trotting up to the door and glancing in with a knowing air, and then diving under the floor into the welcome cool of the interior. They snuggled down cosily with a few shiffy remarks about the new condition of things, and the minister, though aware of their proximity, went or preaching.

"Yir! yip! ugh! e-ee-e-! wow! wow!" A udden awakening of interest, above and below. One by one, half a dozen small. bad boys had sneaked out, crawling be-tween the seats, while the minister was explaining the difference between free will and predestination. The small boys, two dogs and the hogs were having the fun of their lives. One of the hogs, a lerge gray veteran, with stilt-like had Sam Blakely's pet terrier by the ear The baying of a mongrel dog currently supposed to have some bound blood in him, together with the yelps of the ter rier and the shricks of maternal hogs. made preaching perfectly impossible for half an hour. Then the minister, with a hasty prayer and benediction, dismissed

the human congregation and went home The hog congregation held services on the puncheon floor that afternoon.

An Original Sin.

Winifred and Augustus sat on the fron plazza, in clean white pinafores, fluxed liflower petals, their yellow hair smooth and shiny, and their chubby hands demure is folded in their lups. Winifred was six and Augustus was four, and their mother was going to have company.

She had dressed them up, therefore, in freshly starched clothes, and put them out of the front door with the injunction to be good and amuse themselves till the ladie-This put the onus of inventing an amus

ment upon them, which is a thing mothe do not always take into account. Their usual safe and easy little plays were poout of the question by this nausual dignity They could not make mud pies, or feed the chickens, or play with the dog, or swing, for feat of getting themselves in a mi hary, every-day things when company w

coming and they had on their best clother They sat on the plazza and thought about it for about three minutes, then went, hand in hand, around the corne of the house. They shut up a bumble bee in a hollyhock, and ran away very fast, to avoid being stung. They swung on the gate till Maria Jane, the hired girl, screamed at them not to do that, they would break it. Then they wandered

down toward the back garden They came back in the course of half an hour, denuire, shining-faced and clean Their mother did not think to ask them

what they had been doing until their best time. Then Winifred answered sleepily. "Oh! We played Hurrah!" What Burral inquire, for just then Augustus wanted

They played Hurrah the next day, too

and the next; and always came back with clean bands and faces and unsolled pina-fores. On the afternoon of the third day grandfather came in with his spectacles

pushed up over his head, and inquired, "Where are those children?" The children were on hand. "What have you been doing in the back garden?" said grandfather in a great votce.

"Nawthin'," said Winifred, meekly, "We didn't do a thing to the cabbages," said Winifred six months afterward, "only jamped up and down in the middle of ers, and said Hurrant And, oh," she added with a gleam of reminiscent satisfaction, "dhin't they sound nice and squeaky in the middle when we went down into

"Yes," muttered grandfather also with satisfaction, "and something else sounded nice and squeaky, too, when your mother and I found out!"

. . . The Milliken Freeze-Out,

(In order to avoid a chill this story should be read on the hottest part of the plazza or in the car which goes to the suburbs at 4 p. m. Put this paper in your but to prevent a sunstroke.)

The Millibens wished to spend Christmas with their relatives in Philadelphia. These relatives were Mr. Millicen's brother, Mrs. Milliken's brother-in-law, Mr. Milliken's sister-in-law and Mrs. Milliken's sister. Millicen's aunt and uncle and two consins of Mullicen's aunt and uncle and two cousins of the little Millikens and a nephew and nelce of Mr. and Mrs. Milliken. There were only four relatives of them in all, but the young Milligens always used to count them up in this way; it made them seem so much

Having decided to spend Christmas with their four relatives, they packed their trunks, told the servants they could have week's rollday, and sent off all their Christmas presents three days ahead of time Mr. Millitten said he hoped nothing would go wrong with the store while he was away. Mrs. Milliken said she hoped nothing would happen to their train. The young Millikens feared nothing except that there might be a thaw in Philadelphia so that they could not go skating. None of them thought of the house, standing there so placid and sedate as they walked our could possibly get into mischief, and two of the neighbors had promised to keep an eye on it. The kitchen fire was out and the windows all shut and locked Mrs. Mil-liken was very particular about that, and so was Mr. Milliken. He did not like to be waked up in the middle of the night and sent pattering over the house in desha-bille to see if the back door was all right and if the dining-room window, the icing out on the porch, was locked, and the blinds shut

The day after the family reached Philadelphia there came on a most fremendous freeze. It froze every pond and river and mud-puddle in the State of Pennsylvania harder than stone, and the young Millikens were in such a state of rapture that it was a wonder they didn't have to have new ulsters and flannels and winter clothes generally. The Philadelphians tucked their coat collars up over their ears, and wore fur hats, and were particular to shut their doors and keep the furnace fire going. They were comformisle. But Washington was

taken by surprise. The Millikens decided to run up to New York before going home, and while they were there the mother found an old friend settled coally down in a Brooklyn flat, and cepted an invitation to stay a week longer. When the Millikens, father and children, reached Philadelphia on their return they found a telegram waiting for them. It was from Mr. Hodson, the next-door neighbor. It said: "Come home; water has been seen

flowing out front door " "Oh, my goodness!" said Mr. Milliken, What can have happened?" Mr. Millisen's principles were against swearing. "Oh, dear!" said Carrie Milliken. "Idon't

e what the house wanted to go and do that way for."

"Gee whizi" said Johnny Minken. 'Wasn't the skatin' great!" It was a good thing that the car stove was on duty as they hurried back to Wash ington, for another great freeze had set in, and by the time they got there the fittle archins in the streets were humping long on one skute aniece antiquated things for keeping warm had been dragged out of hiding places. They were met at their own gate by Mr. Hodson, who looked grave and pointed to the front doorstep. It was covered with ice.

and felcles had formed on the window sitts of the parior. "It kept running out and running out." he said, "and we telegraphed you four days

ago. The telegram must have waited for us day or two," said Mr. Milliten iren, have you any idea what I did with that key?"

"The key to the house door," said Car-"Why, mamma had it on her key-ring when I saw her last ". 'Oh, my!" said Mr. Milliken.

There was nothing to do but to go to be neignbors and telegraph for the key. It came by special delivery next day, and Mr. Milliken grabbed it with both hands and hastened to his house. It turned all right in the door, but the door wouldn't pen.

Frozen, perhaps," sald Mr. Hodson, who ras an interested spectator.

They went and got a teakettle full of olling water, and poured the water around It melted the ice off the he edges. doors ep, but the door stayed where it was Then they tried a window and melted the frost on that, and broke a pane of glass doing it. Mr. Milliken stood on a che and looked into his parlor. This is what he saw: A sea of solid masses of ice cov ered the floor to a depth of two or three feet. It encased the legs of the chairs and tables, and rose above the sills of the French windows. The portieres were pen into the hall, where the same state if things appeared to prevail; and since his was so, it was quite plain why the front door would not open

"Great Scott!" said Mr. Milliken, mop-ling his forch and, "bus there been a flood?" 'No," said Mr. Hodson, "your water pipes have burst."

Great Scottl' sald Mr. Miliken "And then," pursued Mr. Hedsen, who was a man of slow and methodical com-"all the doors and windows being tight closed, the water has covered the 'ower floor to a considerable depth, and thus congested." "Congested!" exclaimed Mr. Milliken.

Congealed! Here I leave my house in your charge and go away for a week and ome home to find the whole blamed parfor stuck in a sea of ice, like Nansen, or thing; and you tell me it has co gealed! Congenied! I'll congeni you! I

But Mr. Hodson had fled, and Carrie and ohnny held fast to their father's coattails to prevent his following.

It took a week to chop the ice out of the Milliken house and melt the icicles and dry the floors and walls. Every water pipe in the house had burst and had to be epaired. Next time the Millikens go away they will leave the water in their ouse turned off from the street.

The only comfort Mr. Milliken got out of the whole transaction was in the language which the workmen used as they dug away at their in the parlorand kitchen. Every time one of them gave vent to an especially artistic and warm bit of profanity Mr. Milliken would smile in a forlorn way and listen hungrily for L. LAMPREY.